They work strange deeds and
passing marvel. Yet
I first would learn thy pleasure.
Shall I set
My whole tale forth, or veil the
stranger part ?
Yea, Lord, I fear the swiftness of
thy heart,
Thine edged wrath and more than
royal soul

PENTHEUS.

Thy tale shall nothing scathe thee.
—Tell the whole*
It skills not to be wroth with
honesty.
Nay, if thy news of them be dark,
'tis he
Shall pay it, who bewitched and
led them on.

MESSENGER.

Our herded kine were moving in
the dawn
Up to the peaks, the greyest,
coldest time,
When the first rays steal
earthward, and the rime
Yields, when I saw three bands
of them. The
one
Autonoe led, one Ino, one thine
own
Mother, Agavfi. There beneath
the trees
Sleeping they lay, like wild things
flung at ease
In the forest; one half sinking on
a bed
Of deep pine greenery; one with
careless head
Amid the fallen oak leaves ; all
most cold
In purity—not as thy tale was told
Of wine-cups and wild music and
the chase
For love amid the forest's
loneliness.
Then rose the Queen Aglvfi
suddenly
Amid her band, and gave the God's
wild cry,
"Awake, ye Bacchanals ! I hear
the sound
Of horned kine. Awake ye !"—
Then, all round,
Alert, the warm sleep fallen from
their eves,
A marvel of swift ranks I saw them
rise,